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NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE CIRCULARS.

He: HAVE YOU EVER BEEN ABLE TO DEFINE LOVE?

"NO. DURING THOSE MOMENTS WHEN THE SUBJECT HAS OCCUPIED ME, I HAVE NEVER HAD TIME."

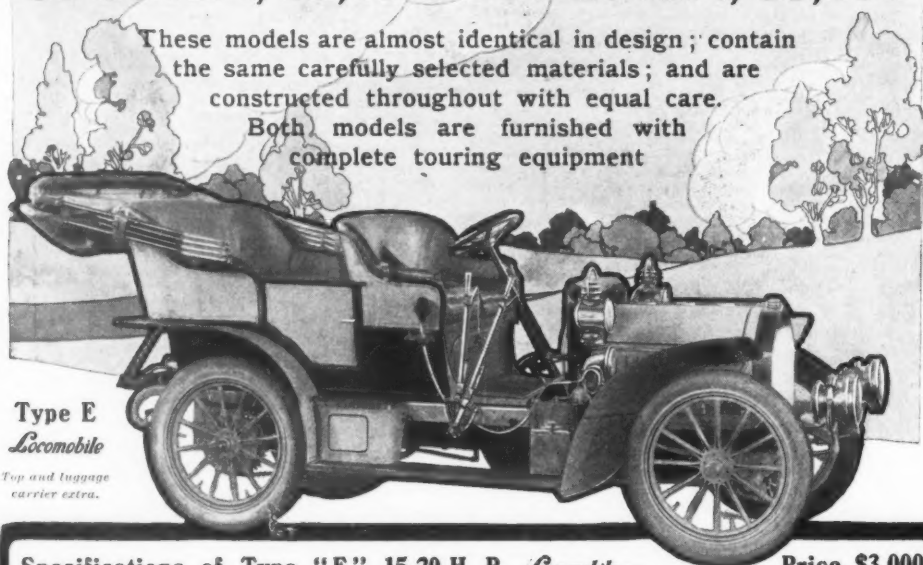
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"EASILY THE BEST BUILT CAR IN AMERICA"

30-35 H.P., \$5,000 15-20 H.P., \$3,000

These models are almost identical in design; contain the same carefully selected materials; and are constructed throughout with equal care.

Both models are furnished with complete touring equipment



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Locomobile

Top and luggage carrier extra.

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Equipment, 5 brass lamps; horn; tire carrier; jack; tools and extra parts; locked box with trays for tools and parts; compartment carrying 4 tin cases for extra lubricants. Motor, 4-cylinder, 3½" bore, 4½" stroke; manganese bronze base; gears enclosed. Same general type as made by us for four seasons. Crank Shaft, machined from one solid forging. Cam Shafts, hardened ground forgings—one solid piece. Carburetor, automatic type with balanced throttle valve. Ignition, make-and-break system used by us for the second season. Ignition cams solid with admission cam shaft which slides in bearings to advance or retard spark. Magneto, low tension, our design; permanent magnets from the best makers in the world; impossible to disturb any electrical adjustments by removing or replacing magneto. Oil proof armature. Lubricator, large mechanical oiler. Large supply pipes. Governor, centrifugal type, prompt and positive in action.

Control, gas and spark levers on steering wheel. Clutch, cone type with ample leather face. Universal Joint, between clutch and transmission. Transmission, 3 speeds and reverse; direct drive on high gear; clutch shifting mechanism, gears, bearings, and differential all enclosed and lubricated by same oiling system. Drive, double side chains; hardened sprockets. Running Brake, double acting type; 3½" x 10" located on differential shaft, metal to metal surfaces. Emergency Brakes, internal expansion type, compensated. Large and powerful, metal to metal surfaces. Sprocket Drum, bolted to each rear wheel spoke. Axles, "I" section axles front and rear. Tires, 32" x 4" on all four wheels. Larger than the size recommended by the Tire Association. Body, double side entrance, seating 5; extra wide doors; fitted with top irons; color and striping optional; running boards, covered with pyramid rubber bound with brass. Wheel Base, 93".

NOTE—Our 30-35 H. P. Locomobile Type "H" \$5,000, is intended for those requiring greater power and greater seating capacity. The specifications are the same as those printed above with the following exceptions: Motor 4½-in. bore, 5½-in. stroke; Body seats 5 to 7 persons; Tires, 34 in. x 4½ in., front and rear; Wheel Base, 106 in. Full illustrated descriptive matter of both cars on application to factory or any branch office.

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An Appeal for the Birds.

BILLS to prohibit the use of the new automatic shot gun in hunting birds will be introduced in all Legislatures which convene this winter. The New York Zoological Society and the League of American Sportsmen have decided to send delegations to the capitols of these various States, to urge the passage of these bills. It will require a large outlay of money for traveling expenses, printing, postage, clerk hire, etc., to conduct this campaign properly, and all persons interested in the preservation of song, insectivorous and game birds, are requested to contribute to a special fund which is being created for this purpose.

A new line of automatic shot guns, consisting of five different models, has lately been put on the market by the gun trust, which is backed by millions of dollars of capital, and it is understood that these people will spend any amount of money necessary in a desperate effort to defeat the legislation we have undertaken to secure.

The automatic shot gun is essentially a market hunter's and a pot hunter's weapon. The decent sportsmen of the country are a unit in opposition to its use in the field; but it will require more than the combined efforts of any one class of people to shut it out of the market.

This appeal is therefore directed to all humanitarians; to all who believe in decency and moderation in the hunting of birds; to all who believe that a reasonable number of our birds should be spared each year in order that they may propagate their species; and finally, to the men and women of America who do not believe in the killing of birds for sport at any time. There are strong and cogent reasons why all shooting of American wild birds should be prohibited, at least for a time; but this is impossible at present. Then let us curtail the killing. Let us limit the number of birds which any man may kill in a day, and by all means let us provide by law that whatever killing is done shall be done with decent weapons.

There are good people in this country who are contributing millions of dollars every year for the establishment of hospitals, libraries, fresh air homes and excursions for the poor of the great cities, and for other worthy charities and philanthropies. Why should not a few thousand dollars be contributed by such people for the preservation of the bird life of this country? If poor children are to be sent into the country each summer; if consumptives or other sufferers are to be sent to retreats in the mountains to escape the ravages of disease; why not provide something for the preservation of birds, in order that these invalids of these poor children may be cheered by songs and sights which add to the attractiveness of their rural retreats? Why should not the in-

(Concluded on opposite page.)

THERE is no danger of dyspepsia for those who drink YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE.—Adv.

sectiverous birds, which do so much to save the fruits and farm products of this country, be protected from the wretches who use automatic shot guns?

The great libraries are being provided with hundreds of books descriptive of birds and bird life. We should provide that people who read these books and who may afterward go to the country may have a chance to see the birds they have read about.

The automatic shot gun is one of the most serious menaces ever instituted against the bird life of this country. It is a veritable murdering machine. Let us legislate it out of existence, and to this extent, at least, provide for saving a few of our remaining birds from destruction.

In Europe, where a careful balance is maintained between propagation and destruction, it has been found necessary to prohibit the use of all repeating rifles and guns. Let us not be behind Europe in this sane measure.

Checks for this war fund should be made payable to the order of the New York Zoological Society, and mailed to the office of its Game Protection Department, 1269 Broadway, New York.

HENRY F. OSBORN, President,
MADISON GRANT, Secretary,
W. T. HORNADAY, Director,
New York Zoological Society.
ERNEST T. SETON, Vice-President,
G. O. SHIELDS, President,
League of American Sportsmen.

WIDOW (with marriageable girls): Julia has a most lovely voice, Major—so powerful, you know; but for ringing, silvery tone, give me my second daughter's. Would you like to hear her sing "Some Day"?

MAJOR (awfully bored): Certainly! Delighted, I'm sure! Let's say some day next month; that is—er—unless I'm unexpectedly ordered away anywhere.—*Exchange*.

Wiser Counsel.

"WHAT'S that sign you're making there?" asked the grocer.

"Fresh eggs," replied the new clerk.

"Make it 'Fresh-laid eggs.'"

"Why—er—everybody knows the eggs were fresh when they were laid."

"Exactly, and that's all that it's safe for us to say about them."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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too good for you

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Neither perhaps do you know what a perfect Egyptian cigarette means.

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They are as refreshing and sweet as a draught of water in the desert.

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It is just like Williams' Shaving Stick, except that it is in tablet form. Costs just the same—25 cts.



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BRANDIES

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New York



LIFE



"SAY, MAMIE, IS DAT DE DOOK?"

\$ucce\$\$.

\$ UCCE\$\$ \$eem\$ Solely \$ignified by \$,
And nothing count\$ but cold and clammy
ca\$h;
Ju\$ t think of all the geniue\$ and \$cholar\$
Who, lacking coin to adverti\$e, go \$ma\$h.
Edwyn Stanley.

Refuge.

NCE there was a Good Idea.

He sprang from the soil one day,
original, strong, splendid.

The first place he called at was a
magazine office.

"I am sorry," said the editor, look-
ing him over critically and timidly,
"but you are not clothed in the proper shape.
I like you personally, but—"

The Good Idea then went to an insurance
office.

The manager surveyed him calmly.

"Are you honest?" he said.

"Yes," replied the Good Idea.

"You won't do. There is no money in you.
Good day."

The Good Idea went to a poet.

"Sorry," said the poet. "Can't use you.
Great rush. You're so good that it would
take too much time to polish you off. I've
gotten so used to doing slipshod work that
you'd be an elephant on my hands. Adieu!"

The Good Idea was getting hungry. He
wanted a brain to feed on. Lots of people
passed him, but they were all in such a hurry
that he couldn't catch them.

He grew weaker and weaker.

One day, as he staggered along Broadway,
he saw a wooden Indian.

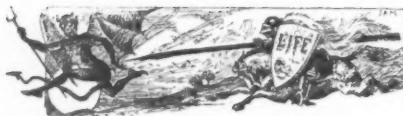
The wooden Indian was the first still person
he had ever seen. The Good Idea mistook
him for something real.

"I am about to pass away," said the Good
Idea, pleadingly. "Can't you save me?"

"No," said the wooden Indian. "But I
tell you what I will do. The man who
made me bored a hole in the back of my
head. If you feel ashamed of expiring in
public, why not crawl in there and die on the
quiet?"

BURNING the candle at both ends
is not the quickest way to make
both ends meet.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. JAN. 25, 1906. No. 1213.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



HHEADLINES in the Boston *Herald* announce that "Roosevelt Has Reached a Turn in the Lane," and again that "Roosevelt Has No Loyal

Party." The Springfield *Republican* moralizes on "The President's Waning Prestige," and says "he has reached, and apparently passed, his climacteric in popularity and power." The only real harm readily apparent that could come of a loss of popularity by the President would be that it might reduce his power to do useful things. Popularity increases his influence, and in so far as his influence is for good it is to the public advantage that it should be strong. The best possible use he could put his popularity to would be to use it up in promoting measures that would benefit the country. We have faith to believe that he would be willing enough, as Cleveland was, to spend his prestige in that way, and that he would rather go out of office dodging missiles but with some great public services to his credit, than go to the accompaniment of a chorus of praise, but with little done that was good and will last. But unless the President's nerves become overmuch worn and his temper grows hasty he is likely to retain the ability to go out and get a new outfit of popularity whenever his supply threatens to run short. He has a fine natural talent for liking people and making them like him. If he had not the former gift his hold on the latter would be less secure. Some of the Washington correspondents seem to be out of humor with him just now because of his objections to some things that some of them have done. They aver that he is growing arbitrary, and

is disposed to set up a censorship and prescribe what news the correspondents shall disclose, and what they shall leave unpublished. If the administration and the newspapers should come regularly to loggerheads, it would be a tremendous collision. M. Witte, when he was here, declared that the newspapers governed the country, and they do come mighty near it. But to unite all the newspapers against any President would be impossible, and certainly President Roosevelt has far too much discretion to drive them to band together against him. That newspapers should be free to print the truth about all public concerns is essential to the prosperity of our form of government. That they should be equally free to print untruths is not so necessary. They are highly competent to take care of themselves and their rights and privileges, and there is not nearly so much danger that any existing power, governmental or otherwise, shall oppress or unduly discipline them, as that some of them shall sometimes miss such discipline as they deserve. It was a newspaper reporter that broke up a judicial proceeding in New York the other day by taking a flash-light picture of a noted witness and filling the room with smoke. The culprit carried away his picture and his paper printed it with exultations the next morning. So long as things like that can be done with impunity it does not look as if the rights of newspapers to carry on their business was being seriously curtailed.



MMR. POULTNEY BIGELOW has declared at some length in print that the condition of things at Panama is bad, and that much of the work hitherto done there has been boggled. Mr. Bigelow has no opinion at all of our essay at canal building so far as it has gone. The President says the work has made decent progress so far, and is going on as it should, and that anyone who says it isn't is not entitled to credence. The President speaks on information and belief. Secretary Taft, who has actually been to the isthmus and who stayed there some

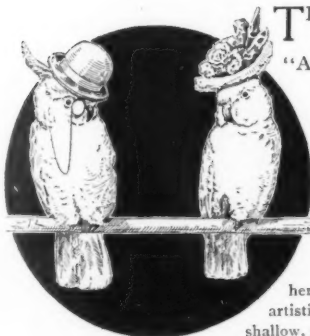
days longer than Mr. Bigelow did, formed very different impressions of the state of things there from those Mr. Bigelow has divulged. We would much rather trust Mr. Taft's impressions than Mr. Bigelow's (especially since Mr. Taft is so much the bigger man), and we do not believe the canal work is so rotten a job as Mr. Bigelow thinks. But here comes in the newspapers again. It is to them we shall look for sound and faithful information from Panama, supplemented by photographs which shall make us all eye-witnesses of what is being done. The greatest safeguards we shall have against wrong doing in canal construction will be publicity and the camera.



THE White House bouncers did not make a good job of the removal of Mrs. Morris from the Presidential precincts. Mrs. Morris is evidently a person with peculiarities. Her refusal to permit the President to deny himself the advantage of meeting her cannot be justified. When she was invited to leave she ought to have packed up her grievance and gone. She would not go and it was necessary and proper to remove her. But the bouncers should not have charged on her as though she was San Juan hill. The way to remove obstreperous women who won't leave when they should is to call a large cop and a cab and then use moral suasion and push behind. Every householder who has happened to have experience with a drunken cook knows how to do it. The idea is to eliminate the lady from the environment with the least possible damage to herself, and the least possible contribution to the entertainment of neighbors and bystanders. To make such a row in detaching a woman from possession of the seat of government was bad work. The White House bouncers need instruction and practice. There is nothing to be gained by a hand-to-hand encounter with a woman except detrimental experience. Plead with her; fetch her a nosegay; call a cab and pay the driver; finally, if nothing else will answer, telephone for all the reporters and get their consent to have in the police.



More of "The House of Mirth."



THE following refers to a recent comment in LIFE under the heading, "All Is Not Gold That Glisteneth."

By the very aptness of his title does the critic of "The House of Mirth" prove that it is a faithful picture of the life it portrays. It is not the book which is a "descent from normal standards," but the life, without which the book never could have been written. It is the life, and not the picture of it, that is "devoid of sentiment, honest love and common honor." Lily Bart was the logical result of such a union as that of her father and mother—inheriting from one her artistic temperament and tastes, and from the other shallow, sordid ambitions. Denied the child's universal birthright of love and guidance, she grew up in ignorance of the fundamental laws of life, never realizing, until she was brought in contact with the lowly mother and her child, that it was, after all, the real things for which she hungered. That she was pure-minded is shown by her not understanding the motives of the men about her, and that she was high-minded, she gave her life to prove. The claim that Mrs. Wharton had no great respect for Gerty Farish is the old confounding of the author with the characters. It goes without saying that Seldon was a poor apology for a lover, and the one false note in the book is struck when, instead of scourging himself for a white-livered cur, he finds comfort in the thought that "he had loved her." He was a "spineless coward," if you will, but he was no fool, and he knew that he had failed her at every point. As for loving her, he never even understood the meaning of the word. The question may arise as to whether Mrs. Wharton's subject is worthy of so splendid an effort, and if

it is well for the reading public to have a picture presented to it of so unwholesome a phase of life, but that question is one of ethics, not of art.

Edith Wharton is an artist of high order. "The House of Mirth" is her greatest work, and she richly deserves all the recognition that is coming to her.

Sarah F. Waters.

LIFE bows to this able champion. However, he is still firm in the faith that a story "devoid of sentiment, honest love and common honor," no matter how cleverly done, never should and never can hold a high position. The things just mentioned do not interest the author of "The House of Mirth." They cut no figure in her other tales.

Mrs. Wharton flies low. She prefers the peacock to the dove, the lark or the eagle. Had she real wings, she would have tried them before this.

Roosevelt is on the trail of the trusts.—*Newspaper Headline.*

ONCE upon a time a mighty hunter, armed to the teeth, met a yokel in the highway.

"My good fellow," quoth the mighty hunter, "can you show me a tiger's tracks?"

"No," answered the yokel, "I can't do that. But I can show you a tiger."

"Fool!" roared the hunter, as he turned away. "Who said a word about anything but tracks?"



"FA, HOW BIG IS A WHALE?"

"FWAT KOIND AV A WHA-ALE?"

"A LARGE WHALE."

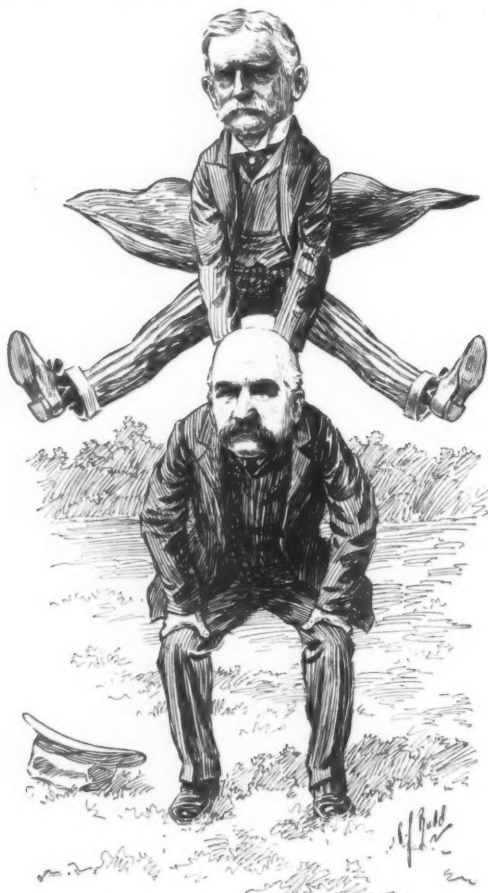
"UM—HOW LARGE?"

Life's Retreat for the Prominent.

WE are glad to announce that the membership is slowly, but surely, increasing all the time. Since Anthony Comstock was refused admission, the tone of the whole place has steadily improved.

The Retreat is primarily for purposes of rest for all those prominent people who wish a safe haven, away from the turmoil of the world.

Some of the members, however, have been leading such exciting lives outside, that even in the quiet of the Retreat they haven't been able to compose themselves.



"Gentle amusements are always in order."

There has been a great deal of insomnia, until Doctor Lyman Abbott kindly consented to read aloud one of his sermons in *The Outlook*. All who cannot fall asleep naturally should therefore avail themselves of the Doctor's invitation.

Gentle amusements are always in order. All suggestions will be kindly received.

Yesterday a mock trial was held in the court room.

Chauncey Depew was tried for conduct unbecoming a grafter.

District Attorney Jerome presided.

Doctor Depew was defended by himself, as usual.

Joseph Choate was the prosecuting attorney.

The jury consisted of twelve Equitable policy-holders. No reporters and no flowers.

In pronouncing the case open for inspection, Mr. Jerome said :

"Gentlemen of the jury, including the people of the United States and Kansas and the press generally, the question we have to decide is this: Is our old friend Chauncey guilty of conduct unbecoming a grafter in returning the money loaned by the Equitable Society to the Depew Improvement Company?"

"The question is an important one. It threatens to sap the foundations of our body politic. If our great men are going to get into the habit of returning the cash that they wheedle others out of, where, I say, are we coming to? That Mr. Depew did return this money is incontrovertible. Why did he do it? The first witness will now be called. John D. Rockefeller, stand up."

Mr. Rockefeller was sworn on the Tarbell History of the Standard Oil.

"Now, Mr. Rockefeller, tell us what you know about grafting in general."

"I haven't time. Life is too short."

"Do you know the prisoner?" indicating Mr. Depew.

"No, sir. We don't go to the same Sunday School."

"Very well. Did you know that some time ago he got about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars out of the Equitable Society and that he has returned it?"

"Yes, I heard so."

"What do you think of this proceeding?"

"I think it's awful. He ought to be put in the Subway to keep the peace."

"What would you have done if you had been in his place?"

"Why, sir, by this time I would have owned the whole Equitable Society, body and boots."

"Good! Tom Lawson, stand up."



"Doctor Lyman Abbott consented to read a'oud one of his sermons in *The Outlook*."

The next witness was sworn on a pile of his own ads., two feet thick. "They are my only gospel," he said feelingly.

"Now, Mr. Lawson, what do you think about Chauncey's reprehensible action?"

"Pretty bad. But there was one redeeming feature about it."

"What's that?"

"Why, he didn't pay up until he had to—that's something to his credit."

"But he did pay up. You acknowledge that."

"I really don't know. I've been reading so much of my own stuff in the papers lately that I can't tell what to believe."

"Very well. Now, Mr. Lawson, what would you have done in his place? Suppose you had started the Lawson Improvement Company?"

"Can't imagine such a thing."

"But you can imagine trying to start a new company with other people's money, can't you?"

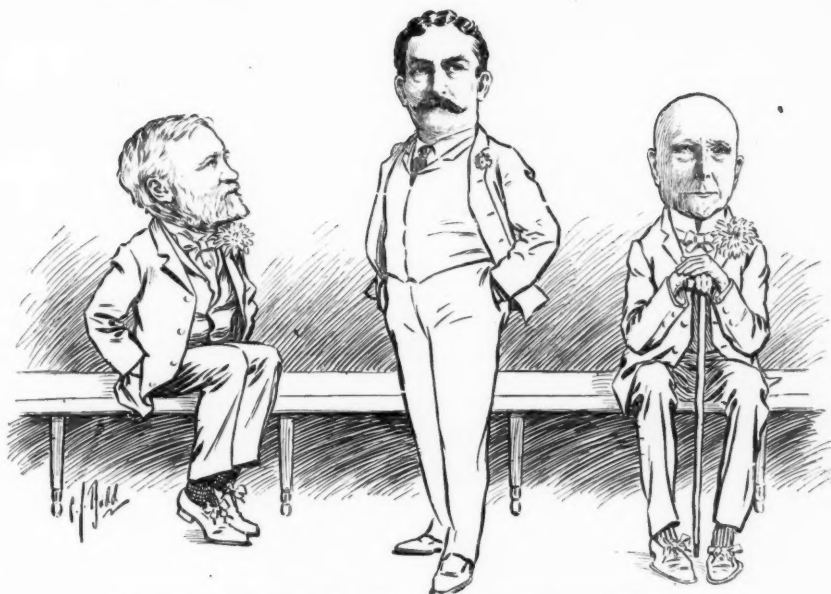
"Sure. That's different."

"Well, suppose—"

"I tell you what I would have done. I would have called on the System, and if they hadn't come down handsome, I would have squealed. I'm a squealer from 'way back. Anyway, I would have made the market pay me. I wouldn't have been a loser."

Andrew Carnegie was then called.

"Mr. Carnegie, I have here a hundred thousand dollars. I wish to start



"Suppose you had started the Lawson Improvement Company?"

the Carnegie Improvement Company. How much stock will you take?"

"I'll take all you have, and watering it with notices of myself, throw it on the market inflated three or four times."

"Good! Now, Mr. Carnegie, imagine it's one year later. The Carnegie Improvement Company is now no good. It's insolvent. It's a drug on the market. Say, will you give me back my money?"

"Not on your life! But I tell you

what I will do. I'll give you some of the Carnegie Improvement Bonds, payable a thousand years from to-day—in case I'm remembered."

"What do you think of our friend Chauncey? Is he as bad as he is painted?"

"Of course he is. Why didn't he make ten times as much while he had the chance? By this time he could be giving away millions, and I would have another competitor."

Mr. Depew was now cross-examined by Mr. Choate.

"Mr. Depew, you have heard the charge against you—conduct unbecoming a grafter. Now, sir, why did you pay back that money? Answer me truthfully."

Chauncey fidgeted.

"I did it to square myself."

"But why did you wait so long?"

"I thought—perhaps—I—wouldn't—have—to."

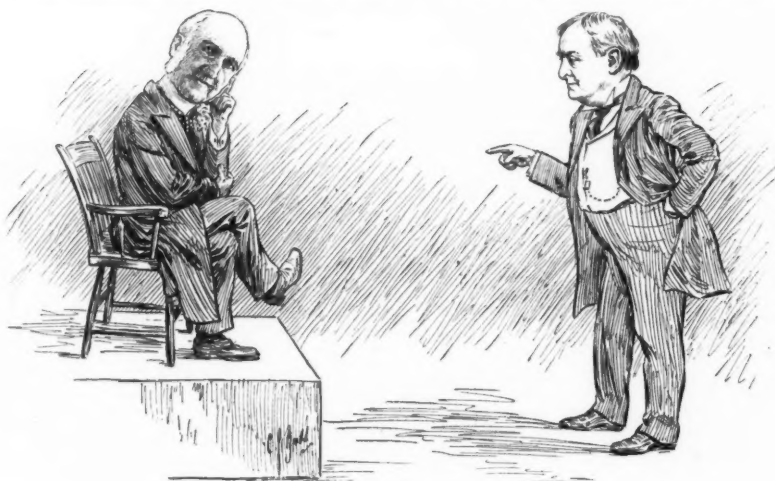
"Ah, then, you evidently are not entirely lost to all sense of modern financial honor. Chauncey, tell me, how did you feel when you realized that you had to pay back that money?"

"I'm ashamed to say."

"Aren't you sorry for it?"

"Y-yes."

"Will you ever do it again?"



"Chauncey fidgeted."



THE FIRST CONSULTATION.

A SUGGESTION FOR A MURAL DECORATION IN A MEDICAL COLLEGE.

"Never! I'll die rich first."

The case now rested with the jury, who were out nearly five minutes.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jerome, as they filed in, "have you agreed?"

"We have."

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"We find, your Attorneyship, that the prisoner is guilty of conduct unbecoming a true grafter. Also, that never again will we believe anything that Tom Lawson doesn't say."

Mr. Jerome then turned to the prisoner:

"You have heard the verdict. I sentence you to have a life of yourself immediately written by Andrew Carnegie, and upon pain of being made to read it once a day, to stop telling any more stories or trying to defend yourself in public."

The court then adjourned, there being not a dry eye in the audience.

To J. M. Barrie on seeing Miss Barrymore in "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire."

TELL me not, Barrie, I'm unkind,
That from the mummery
Of thy arch grace and poet-mind
I pass the author by.

True though the play's the only thing,
The actor but a tool,
Thy chivalry—and mine, must sing
Exceptions to the rule.

Th' inconstancy that I profess
You too shall well adore.
'Tis not that I love Barrie less,
But I love Barrymore.

Melville Henry Cane.

Sure Thing.

HE: His doctor ordered Wilkins to give his brain a total rest.

SHE: Did he follow the advice?

"Oh, yes; he fell in love."

DISAPPOINTMENT is the common lot, and the greatest disappointment of all is success.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST FOR THIS WEEK.

THAW EXPECTED.



This Bubble World

MR. LA FOLLETTE'S feet do not reach the floor when he sits in his Senate chair.—*Detroit News*.

What a Senator is doing with his feet isn't so important as what he is doing with his head and hands.



Thomas F. Ryan, George Gould, Edwin Gould, the three Haves, Reginald Vanderbilt, John A. McCall, James Hazen Hyde, Richard A. McCurdy, George W. Perkins, James W. Alexander and dozens of other men whose names are synonymous with millions in Wall Street are conspicuous by their absence from the tax list.—*New York World*.

But the rest of us are only too happy to make up the deficiency.

Owing to the duty on hides, leather costs the shoemaker sixteen cents a pound.—*Trade Notes*.

If we can't get an idea through our heads, possibly we can get it through our feet.

The man who would laugh at *Punch* would go into hysterics at a funeral.—*Canadian News*.

Is England losing her hold on the colonies?

Mrs. Vanderbilt, who was among the early arrivals, was in a gown of black crêpe de Chine elaborately embroidered, also in black.—*New York Herald*.

Sam Stowe's dog, Dewey, who had been spending the summer with Price Parks, has come into town.—*West Lafayette (Ohio) Indicator*.

News is news.

Work will be begun next month on a fourteen-story skyscraper at Fourth and Market Streets.—*Louisville Times*.

Nowadays fourteen stories don't make a skyscraper, any more than a million makes a millionaire.

The men of Chicago look anxious and careworn.—*Boston Budget*.
Why shouldn't they? They live there.

Shoveling snow is a most wholesome exercise.—*Omaha World*.

And it would be very popular in a certain part of the next world.

BERLIN, January 8.—Emperor William is keeping to his bed to-day in consequence of a slight cold. He is receiving the usual reports in his apartment.—*Press Dispatch*.

With his brass helmet and boots on, of course.



It isn't a question so much as to whether Bernhardt shall play in Texas, but whether a vulgar and greedy combination in New York shall control the theatres of Texas in violation of law.—*Houston Post*.

Shake, Texas.

This is the hard fact which is keeping *men* from the ministry.—*New York Post*.

The italics are ours.

And, besides, most of the statesmen had resolved to accept no more free passes anyway.—*The Newark News*.

More paving stones for Hades!

A man has been arrested for swindling Americans in Paris.—*Washington Star*.

All the pleasures and illusions of foreign travel are disappearing one by one.

Princess Ena has a regal presence, but Alfonso is decidedly petite.—*Buffalo News*.

Which will enable her to deal properly with him when he comes home at 4 a. m. singing: "Ena, mena, mona, mi!"

Mr. H. H. Rogers objects to having his picture taken.—*Washington Star*.

Down at police headquarters they fasten 'em in a chair and hold their heads still.

A bill has been offered in the Kentucky Legislature to keep judges out of politics.—*St. Joseph News*.

According to Mr. Jerome, in New York we ought to try to keep politics out of our judges.

Herr Conried's chorusless opera may thrive, but we'll bet a yen there'll be a baldless-first-three-rows.—*Buffalo News*.

Evidently the Buffalo man never saw Herr Conried's chorus.



LEAN PICKINGS.

Dr. Primrose: HOW DID YOU COME TO GIVE UP CANNIBALISM?

"THERE WASN'T ENOUGH IN IT. I NOTICED THAT THE FAT MINISTERS ALWAYS STAYED AT HOME."



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HIS PH.





A Remarkable One-Man Accomplishment.

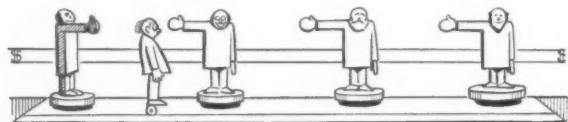


THE splendid artistic achievement of Mr. Henri de Vries in Heyermans's curiously constructed but very moving little play, "A Case of Arson," makes one wonder again why American actors never do anything like that. Week before last, in commenting on the exquisitely refined pantomime work of Mr. Fred Walton, *LIFE* ventured a partial explanation by showing how the present commercial and vulgar control of the theatre in America keeps the better class of American men and women from looking to the theatre for either a business or an artistic career. But that is not all of it. The whole scheme of American life, the hustling, utilitarian atmosphere that surrounds us, is not calculated to foster artistic accomplishment. Most of us are working, and working hard, not with joy in the thing we do, but with an eye keen on the reward it is to bring.

The American actor is not different from the rest of us in this particular. By chance, or by one slapdash, concentrated effort, he makes a success. The Sunday supplements confer on him what passes for fame. He, his clothes, his dog, his rooms, everything that is his, are pictured and described *ad nauseam*. With us notoriety easily passes for greatness, and having achieved the laurel and the emoluments, social and pecuniary, and too frequently the enlarged head, that go with it, our arrived hero desists from the continued effort and serious painstaking which alone bring about the highest achievement.

We have, of course, our list of actors, none too long, who have acquired permanent fame, but even these successes are for the most part in specialized fields, and not the result of the all-round culture in which our stage is so markedly deficient. The nearest approach to the accomplishment of Mr. De Vries that comes to mind is Mr. Henry Dixey's performance of the characters in "The Seven Ages of Man," a remarkable and finished series of characterizations, but not done under the exacting conditions and with the moving effect of the Hollander's varied presentments.

"A CASE OF ARSON" is simply a magisterial investigation into a crime. The characters portrayed are the magistrate, an excellent piece of work by Mr. Henry Vibbart; an usher in his examining room, well played by Mr. C. N. Schaeffer; and seven witnesses, including the criminal, all these impersonated by Mr. De Vries. These witnesses come into and go out of the room with a



scarcely appreciable interval of time between the going of one and the coming of another. Each is different from the others in make-up, manner, bearing, and even in stature. So far this might seem only a clever development of the "lightning-change" act, familiar on the vaudeville stage. It is different because, in the first place, the play tells a story, thrilling, convincing and complete. Again, Mr. De Vries is not simply the same man in a different disguise; he is each time an entirely different personality, not alone in outward appearance, but

as well in inward feeling and mode of thought. We seem to get from this artist's most carefully studied work an insight into the very souls and natures of the human beings he represents. His delivery and reading of the lines—marvelous when we consider that he has studied English only a year—is as perfect as the physical distinction he makes between the characters.

The breakdown of *John Arend* under the artful cross-examination of the magistrate is one of the most vivid expositions of mental processes turning into physical expression ever seen on our stage. The strongest impression one gets is that here is absolute fidelity to nature. Probably our criminal authorities who deal with this sort of thing in their every-day work would be the first to recognize the artistic perfection of what Mr. De Vries does. The relief that comes to him with the final admission of his guilt is not the least artistic touch, either in its truth or in the manner of its expression.

To the dramatist, also, should go great credit for providing the artist with such an ingenious and, in a literary way, sound medium for the display of his powers. The story is told vividly and logically in the gradually unfolding connecting links revealed by succeeding witnesses and always progressively up to the surprise and the denouement. A highly realistic bit is the anxiety of *John* that, no matter what his fate, he should be saved from ever again looking into the eyes of his wife, the mother of the child she had brought into the world with such pain and whom he had murdered.



IT is an unfortunate combination that makes an audience sit through such a badly constructed and even more badly acted farce as "The Braisley Diamond" for the privilege of witnessing the performance of Mr. De Vries. The piece contains three acts of supposed and attempted fun which succeeds in securing an average of one laugh per act. Even the funny personality of Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk is only mournful in these surroundings, and the drolleries of May Vokes would be wasted on a deserted air, if the audience was not compelled to wait for the performance of Mr. De Vries. The only other feature of distinction in the cast is the pulchritude of Helen Grantly, whose likeness is shown above.

"The Braisley Diamond" is an infliction, but it is worth enduring for the sake of seeing and hearing Mr. De Vries.

HERE'S another example of the delightful methods of the Theatrical Trust. It's told by the Houston, Texas, *Post* in its editorial columns.

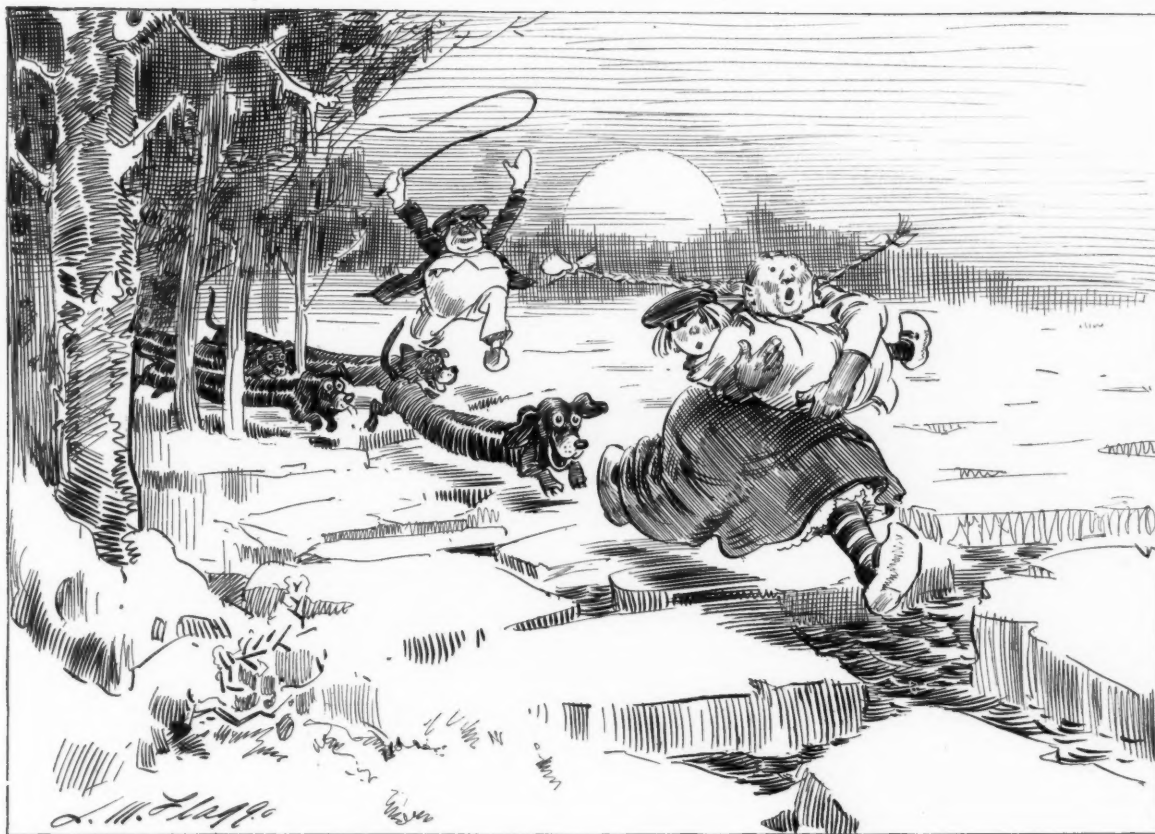
A representative of Klaw and Erlanger sends to *The Post* a clipping from the New York *Herald* announcing that Mme. Bernhardt had appealed to Ambassador Jusserand because of the action of the Trust in barring her from Louisiana and Texas, and another clipping from the same paper in the shape of a denial from the actress that she had taken any such step.

The Syndicate's relation to dramatic art in the United States is that of a strangler. It subordinates everything to gain and its control of the theatrical circuits of the country is an outrage upon the public and destruction to art.

We speak particularly for the people of Texas, who have for years been compelled to submit to the tyranny of this greedy concern; for the people who have been compelled to endure in silence the shabby treatment which the Syndicate inflicts upon them in the way of commonplace attractions, at high rates. Hardly ten per cent. of the bookings exceed in dignity, culture and art the most commonplace efforts of semi-professional barnstormers.

And now because Mme. Bernhardt will not permit the Syndicate to dominate her and share her receipts in as large a measure as it would like, it shuts the doors of the Southern theatres in her face, perpetrating an outrage that violates every sense of fair play so far as the actress is concerned, and arbitrarily deprives the public as well.

And *The Post* repeats, in the case of Texas it is a violation of the Anti-Trust statutes. The fact that the Syndicate exercises such control over Texas theatres proves the existence of contracts that the State prohibits. And it is the duty of the Attorney General of Texas to sift the matter out and see



"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" AS PRESENTED AT CONRIED'S NATIONAL THEATRE.

LIZA CROSSING THE ICE.

what can be done in the way of fines and imprisonment to compel the members of the Syndicate to act decently toward the public and to respect the laws of the State.

Texas is all right. And what a joyful reception the Texans would give Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger if they dared show their lovely faces in the State about the time Bernhardt was playing in a tent. *Metcalfe.*

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES



Academy of Music.—Mrs. Leslie Carter in repertoire, including "Adrea," "Zaza" and "Madame du Barry."

Belasco.—Blanche Bates and excellent company in admirable production of "The Girl of the Golden West." Absorbing play of early California life.

Bijou.—"The Music Master." Mr. Warfield's artistic impersonation still pleasing the public.

Casino.—"The Earl and the Girl." Musical play with Eddie Foy and competent cast. Amusing.

Fields's.—Louis Mann and Clara Lipman in "Julie Bonbon." Farcical comedy. Light but pleasing.

Garrick.—"The Little Gray Lady," by Channing Pollock. Notice later. *Hippodrome.*—"A Society Circus." "The Court of the Golden Fountains." Magnificent combination of circus, ballet and spectacle.

Lyric.—"The Babes and the Baron." Musical and spectacular piece, including Mr. Fred Walton's delightful pantomime work. Well worth seeing.

Madison Square.—"The Braisley Diamond" and Mr. Henri de Vries in "A Case of Arson." See opposite.

Manhattan.—"Before and After." Amusing and well-acted farce-comedy adapted from the French.

Princess.—Mr. Henry Miller in "Grierson's Way." Notice later. *Proctor's Fifth Avenue.*—Stock company in weekly change of bill. *Weber's Theatre.*—"Twiddle Twaddle." Musical mixture with Col. Joseph Weber and Signora Maria Dressler in the leading rôles. Not colossal, but diverting.

Music.

MR. GERICKE and his splendid band are giving very rich and varied programmes at their concerts this winter, but it is a pity he continues to place the symphony at the wrong end—the *pièce de resistance* should not come when our appetites are satisfied. It is also hard on the unfortunate commuter, who, with one-half of his mind on his train, finds it difficult to place the other half on the adagio movement, knowing he must make an allegro exit at its close.

With this exception the concerts are most satisfying to the real music lover.

* * *

THE popularity of Mr. Bagby's Monday morning concerts has again been demonstrated by the success of his second series. If his audiences continue to increase as they have done, he may be obliged to move into the Opera House. Programmes that include the biggest stars in the operatic firmament are practically irresistible.

The LATEST BOOKS

THE Mediaeval commentators who, across the manuscripts of classic literature, wrote obliterating disquisitions upon the kinds of feathers in the angels' wings were not vandals; they merely lacked a sense of proportion. As much and no more may be said of F. Frankfort Moore and his novel founded upon the life of Byron and called *Love Alone Is Lord*. For in the life of George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron, Nature herself tried her hand at romantic tragedy. It is but eighty years since her serial was finished, its spirit is still part of our emotional consciousness and the career of the author of *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* belongs, no less than his own creations, to the classic romance of the nineteenth century. This classic Mr. Moore overlays with a work which is neither fiction nor biography but their unblended offspring, and the result is a modern palimpsest.

Miss Katherine A. Carl's account of her eleven months' residence at the Imperial Court of China, while engaged in painting the portrait of the Empress Dowager, is a work of great present interest and of unquestionable historical importance. That its interest is not deeper and its import greater is the fault not of the author, but of chance. One could wish that the opportunity to live for nearly a year the life of the Chinese Court, to be admitted as freely and informally to its bound and complex formality as any princess of the blood, had fallen to one who combined the assiduity of a Boswell with the insight of a Dumas. It fell to Miss Carl, and what she saw she tells us. Her experience is unique and her account of it *hors-de-concours*.

Mr. Will N. Harben's latest novel, *Pole Baker*, is a story of rural Georgia with the same vivid local color, the

same strong element of popular appeal, the same suggestion of Denman Thompson, and rather more constructive skill than Mr. Harben's previous work. Pole Baker, who has already figured in Mr. Harben's fiction, is one of the racy and original "characters" who in most primitive districts approximate to a local institution; a man of keen, coarse humor, eleemosynary horse-sense, and the gift of managing satisfactorily every one's difficulties but his own. In the present story he is the self-appointed and successful guardian of a typical Harben romance.

Two works of considerable interest to the amateur student of paintings have recently appeared, the first and more important of which is by Charles H. Caffin, and is called *How to Study Pictures*. Mr. Caffin's object is to afford the reader a basis for intelligent personal criticism and at the same time to trace the development of modern art and the inter-relation of its successive schools. To this end he has selected fifty-six representative painters, covering the years from Cimabue to Monet, and dealt with them in contemporary pairs in twenty-eight very interesting and suggestive chapters, each of which is an object lesson in appreciation and at the same time a square in the historical mosaic. The book is an excellent educator.

The other book is Samuel Isham's *American Painting*, a work which is biographical rather than critical, but which is by no means devoid of the latter interest. It traces the history of painting in this country from its early and very humble beginnings and contains acceptable articles upon such men as Copeley, West, Stuart, Inness, LaFarge and many others. It is illustrated with twelve photogravures and over a hundred half-tones.

The experiences of *A Yellow Journalist*, written up by so able a representative of the guild as the author of *In the Bishop's Carriage*, could hardly fail to have the real yellow go to them, and the volume of catchy stories published under that title by Miriam Michelson and describing some of the adventures of a girl reporter in San Francisco are excellent and entertaining examples of the style and the methods which they picture.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Love Alone Is Lord. By F. Frankfort Moore. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

With the Empress Dowager. By Katherine A. Carl. (The Century Company. \$2.00.)

Pole Baker. By Will N. Harben. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

How to Study Pictures. By Charles H. Caffin. (The Century Company. \$2.00.)

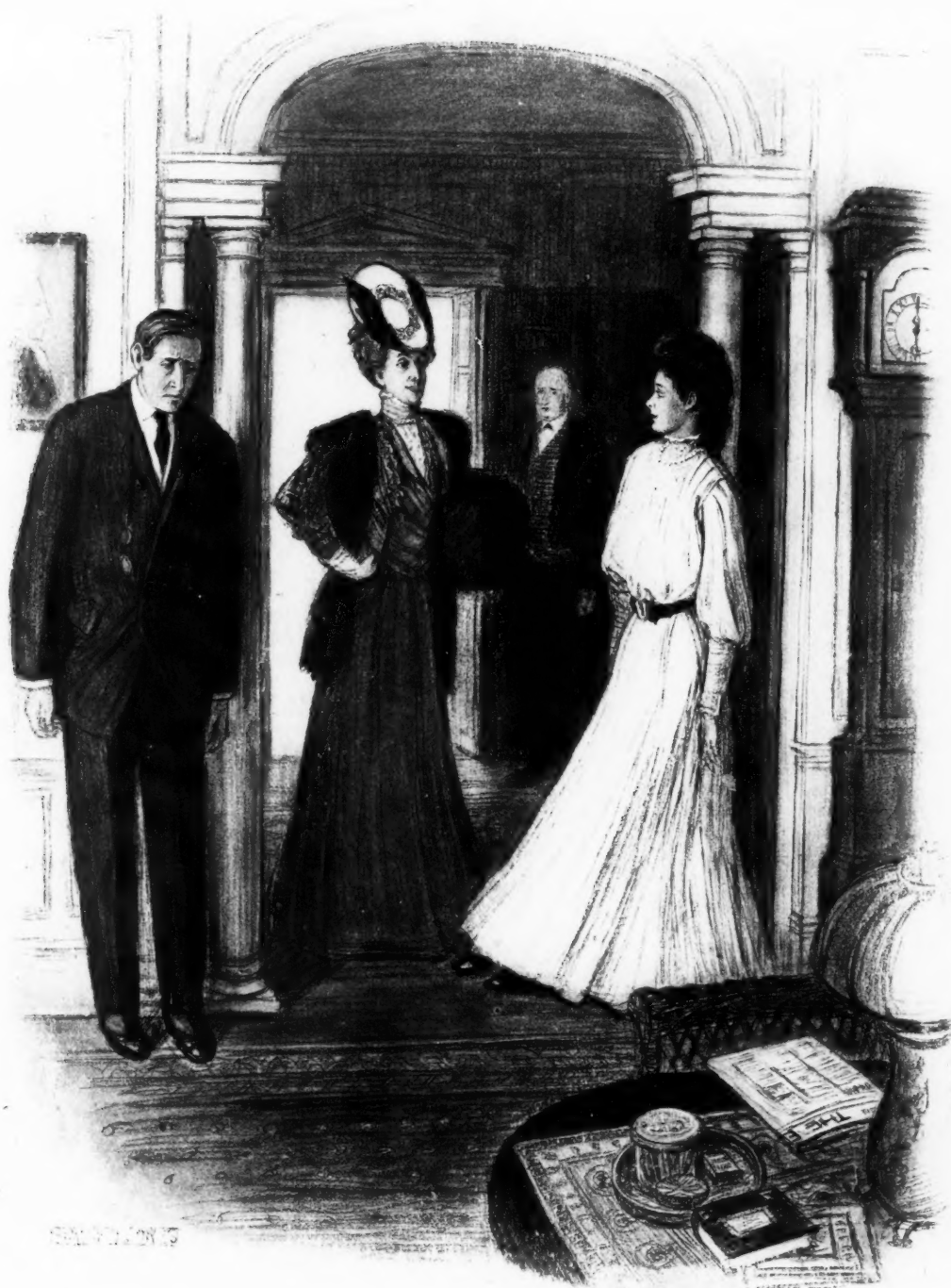
American Painting. By Samuel Isham. (The Macmillan Company. \$5.00.)

A Yellow Journalist. By Miriam Michelson. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

CRITICISM results from failure and causes success.



Chauffeur Jones: GEE! WHAT FIERCE TIRES!



LITTLE GLIMPSES OF MARRIED LIFE.

Miss Staylong: OH, I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT MY TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.



ACCORDING TO MOTHER GOOSE.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone,
But owing to the fact that she had just paid the
premium on her policy while the dividend had
again been reduced, the poor dog got none.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Hungriely longing for pie;
He realized, however, that inasmuch as he had no
family connection with the McCurdys his case
was hopeless, and he wailed: "What a poor
boy am I!"

There was a crooked man
Who went a crooked mile,
And he found a crooked sixpence against a crooked
stile,
Whereat he sadly said to himself: "Being crooked
I ought to be a life insurance president and
thus have a chance to pick up something worth
while."

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and began to run,
But, being arrested presently, he cried:
"That's the way it goes! If I'd stole about a hun-
dred thousan' a year from the policy-holders
you'd merely scold me for what I done."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

An out-of-town newspaper reports the following
adventure of two middle-aged ladies from the country
who recently visited New York. Finding themselves
at Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, and having
heard of the public automobiles that take visitors on
sight-seeing trips through the park, they accosted a
young gentleman in an automobile coat about to climb
into a large motor-car standing at the entrance. They
expressed their desire to make the trip through the
park and proceeded to climb into the machine. The
young man looked somewhat surprised, but politely
helped his passengers into the car, got in himself and
started at an easy pace up the East Drive. After an
hour's tour of the park under the guidance of the ac-
commodating motorist, the two ladies requested to be
set down, and inquired the charge to be paid. "Well,"

said the young man, "that will cost you ten cents
apiece." They paid him, and on the way out stopped
to ask a policeman the path to the nearest gate. He
told them, and then remarked, "By the way, I suppose



FORCE OF HABIT.

Jones (arriving home late after a busy day, and ad-
dressing his wife): MADAM, TAKE MY SHEAT, PLEASE. I'M
'CUSHTOMED TO SHTAND.—Sketch.

yez know who that was who had yez in his auto-
mobile?"

The ladies did not know.
"That was young Mr. Vanderbilt," he said with
a chuckle.—Harper's Weekly.

THE DARWIN THEORY.

Miss Agnes Mahony, a missionary to Liberia,
was visiting Philadelphia with two African slave girls
that she had bought for \$15 apiece.

Miss Mahony's pictures of Liberia were sombre.
They were pictures of savage physicians operating on
savage patients with pieces of broken glass, of men
content and happy if their wives provided them with
enough rice to support life on, of a climate so humid
that a few months' residence there impaired the white
man's health.

She relieved the gloom of her narrative with a
description of a pilot. This man was a character—a
shell-back like those whom W. W. Jacobs described in
his sea stories.

"The pilot," said Miss Mahony, "was once
bringing a ship northward. The captain, toward sun-
set, bade him go below and help himself to a glass of
cold tea.

"After taking the tea the pilot proceeded to
munch a biscuit.

"Now the captain owned a large monkey, and
this creature sat drowsing in a corner. The pilot said:
"A gusty day, sir," and the monkey shrugged its
shoulders.

"The pilot, with affable gruffness, went on:
"The south light is away on the port bow now,
sir."

"There was no answer.
"But the pilot was persistent. He continued:
"We'll be over the bar, sir, in an hour."

"Failing to get a reply even to this pleasant in-
formation the pilot went up on deck again and, taking
his place beside the captain on the bridge, said:

"What a quiet chap your father is."—Philadel-
phia Bulletin.

A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

"The best dramatic criticism I ever heard," said
Will Winch, the theatrical press agent, "was made
by a man who was in his cups. Not that I advise
dramatic critics, therefore, to get hilarious before they
attempt to review a play, not at all. The piece I
refer to was an English comedy. You know the Eng-
lish idea of what is entertaining often differs widely
from the American. The play was dragging awfully.
The curtain had been up nearly half an hour, I guess,
and nothing had happened to check the yawns that
were seen on the faces in the audience. At this point
our slightly intoxicated friend straightened up,
yawned, looked at his watch, and said in a voice
heard through the theatre and on the stage: 'Say,
what time does this show begin?'—Kansas City
Times.

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THE NEW SCHOOL.
The doctors used to bleed mankind
For every ill that they could find;
But now they're wiser, so 'tis said,
And "bleed" the pocketbook instead.
—Saturday Evening Post.

IN the following quaintly formal letter the parents of Welsh brides sometimes bid their friends attend the wedding and bid them also not come empty-handed: "Whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow will be thankfully received and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion. The parents of the bride and bride-groom-elect desire that all gifts due to them will be returned to them on the above date and will be thankful for all favors granted."—Troy Times.

A REGARD FOR APPEARANCE.

A milliner endeavored to sell to a colored woman one of the last season's hats at a very moderate price. It was a big white picture hat.

"Law, no, honey!" exclaimed the woman. "I could nevah wear that. I'd look jes' like a blueberry in a pan of milk."—Ladies' Home Journal.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Tommy, doesn't your conscience tell you when you have done wrong?

TOMMY: Yes, ma'am; but it doesn't tell my mother.—Kansas City Independent.

NELL: Oh, my! Here's a telegram from Jack of the football team.

BELL: What does it say?

"It says, 'Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman?'"—Exchange.

NEATLY PUT.

If a man had been designed to wear such leather abominations as toothpick shoes the Almighty would have given him feet more like a string bean than a summer squash.—Conway Springs (Kan.) Star.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. Booklet.

A COUPLE recently married advertised for a maid the other day. Their wants are few, as they live by themselves in a tiny Brooklyn flat. One of the early applicants named wages that seemed fair, but went on to stipulate:

"Sure, ma'am, if I take the place, I wouldn't expect to wait on the table or do the washing. I'd be willing to help with the cooking, though!"

She was told that she didn't quite fill the bill.—New York Post.

A FOND father in Somerville used to have a doormat with the word "Welcome!" upon it. Now that his four daughters have grown up, he has a new mat, with the inscription: "Beware of the Dog!"—Somerville Journal.

PROOF POSITIVE.

"I knew Emily had been to that beauty doctor."

"How could you tell?"

"Because when I taxed her with it she changed countenance at once."—Baltimore American.

LIFE is not so bad for the man who meanders down the path leading to eternity hand in hand with a sympathetic woman.—Chicago Daily News.

A STONE Jug of YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE and : Dozen Oysters make the best of luncheons.—Adv.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Here's a health to the future,
A sigh for the past;
We can love and remember,
And hope to the last,
And, for all the base lies
That the Almanacs hold,
While there's love in the heart,
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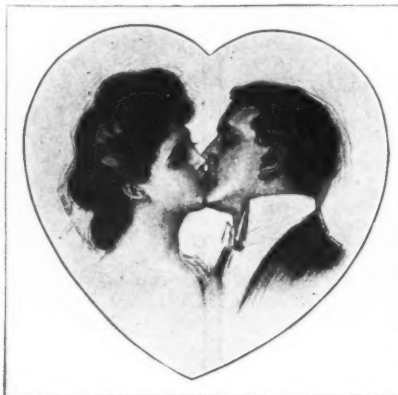
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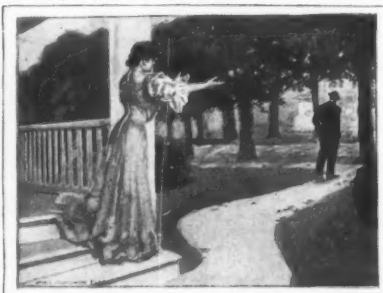


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A Test of Publicity.

SOMEbody ought to do something either for the prevention of cruelty to animals in New York or for the prevention of cruelty to Mr. John P. Haines by the editor of LIFE. For the past year or more LIFE has directed a crusade against the gentleman, who is president of the New York S. P. C. A. and holding a fat job in luxurious headquarters, which he is loath to leave.

The accumulated revenues to the society were, at the instance and under the direction of Mr. Haines, invested to the extent of \$100,000 in a building, where he enjoys all the comforts of a Czar (in earlier times), while nothing much is being done in the interest of the other animals comprehended by the society's purpose. Horses and dogs are no better off than they used to be, according to LIFE, which makes bold to say that the society as managed by Mr. Haines is "notoriously rotten and inefficient."

Mr. Haines may or may not have fathered the law which gives him a monopolistic cinch on revenues, but he is said to have visited Albany now and then, and the law might be presumed to be a result of his solicitude. It reads:

A corporation for the prevention of cruelty to animals shall not hereafter be incorporated for the purpose of conducting its operations in the counties of New York, Kings, Queens, Richmond, Suffolk, Westchester or Rensselaer, or in any other county, if thereby there would be two or more such corporations formed for the purpose of conducting operations in such county.

This prohibits any society from preventing cruelty to animals, except the one already existing, which is an excellent thing for the well-housed and well-paid president of the latter, but manifestly hard on the other animals. It is the harder if, as alleged, the society as now constituted does little or nothing toward suppressing or preventing cruelty.

The case presents a pretty test of the value of publicity and the strength of public opinion. Mr. Haines is, subject to virtually no control. There is no way to compel him to resign his office in favor of a man who will more actively fill it. Vox populi must induce him to leave it, if at all. Vox populi, principally as a result of LIFE's campaign, is making itself heard. The New York public is writing letters to the papers about Mr. Haines. A good many people are mad at him and thousands more are disgusted at his thick-skinned disregard of legitimate criticism. He makes no defense to arraignment, but doggedly holds on. Mr. Haines is an eloquent example of the worst spirit of the times—the spirit which opposes a square deal, and it remains to be seen whether public opinion will penetrate his pachyderm and compel him to either answer public accusation fairly made about a public function or get out.—*St. Louis Republic.*

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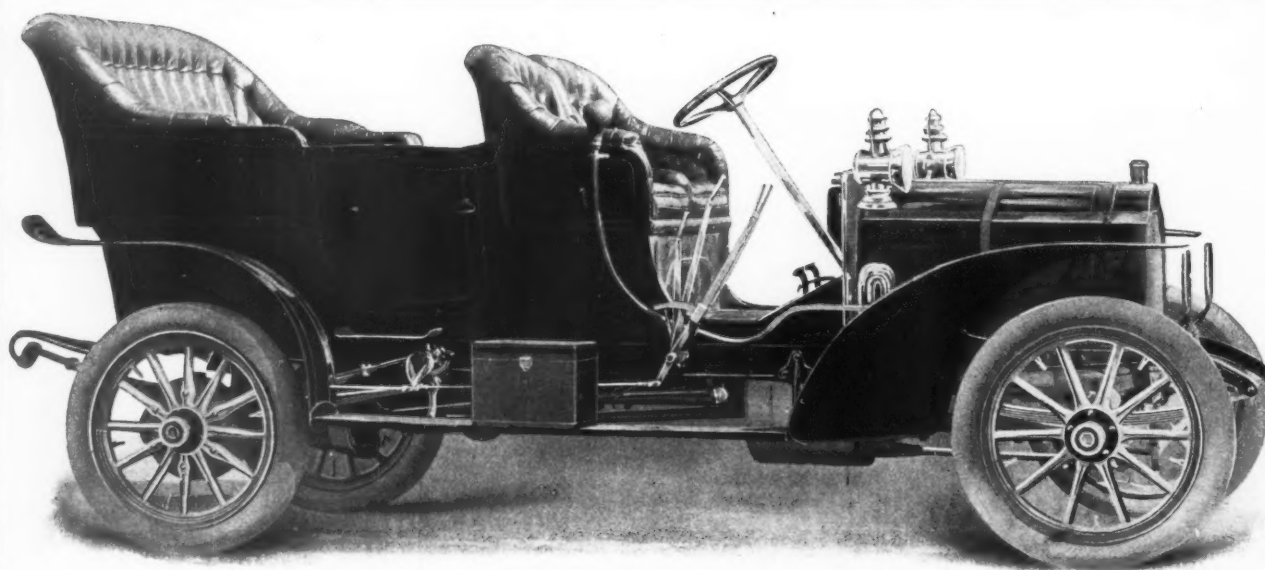
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